Our Soveraigne proceſſe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet*, doe it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: till I know 'tis done,
How ere my haps, my joyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Army over the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdome; you know the rendezvous,
If that his Majeſtie would ought with us
We ſhall expreſſe our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doe't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe ſoftly on.

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, &c.

Ham. Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?

Cap. They are of *Norway* ſir.

Ham. How propos'd ſir I pray you?

Cap. Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them ſir?

Cap. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbraſſe*.

Ham. Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir,
Or for ſome frontier?

Cap. Truely to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name,
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it,
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

Cap. Nay 'tis already garriſond.

Ham. Two thouſand ſoules and 20000. duckets
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th'impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and ſhewes no cauſe without
Why the man dyes. I humbly thanke you ſir.

Cap.